

## 5 Things You Just Don't Do to People with Glasses

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Category: Hetalia - Axis Powers

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: America

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 01:00:48

Updated: 2016-04-10 01:00:48

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:55:48

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,865

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Honestly, in America's opinion, these should be self-explanatory. / "Dude. Don't steal Texas. Mexico tried that once, and, let me just say, that did NOT end well."

## 5 Things You Just Don't Do to People with Glasses

**\*\*A/N:\*\*** Inspired by hawkeyearrow's tumblr post. Enjoy! (Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia.)

Peace out,

~silentwolf111

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Number 1: "Wow, you look so much better with your glasses off!"<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>"...So are you trying to say that I <em>don't<em> look good with them \_on?\_" America questioned, standing up and dramatically placing his hands over his heart. "Ouch. Not cool, bro. You don't insult a guy with glasses."

"Oh, you arrogant twat," England retorted sharply, a look of frustration clearly visible on his face. "That's not what I meant at \_all!\_ Quite the contrary, actually; I simply said that seeing you without your glasses reminded me of your colonial days, back when you used to be so sweet and innocent and rather unlike your present dimwitted, \_intolerable\_ self. If your thick, ignorant skull couldn't tell, that was supposed to be a \_compliment!\_"

The American nation gasped in feigned agony. "\_Intolerable! \_Oh, England, how you \_wound\_ me."

"And there he goes again," England huffed and crossed his arms. "Dramatic as ever. You're bloody \_frustrating,\_ you know that?"

"Hey, at least you're not the one being \_attacked \_the moment you take off your glasses to clean them\_,"\_ America retaliated. "I mean, let's see \_you\_ try on a pair of glasses. I bet you'd look freaking terrifying, with your silly old eyebrows and all that! Honestly, McCrumpet-face, you obviously don't understand that not everyone can pull this look off like I can."

England's eye twitched.

"One: lose the nickname," he snapped. "Two: my eyebrows are neither 'silly' nor 'old', you git. I have been told that they are quite dignified and face-defining, thank you very much! And, for the love of the Queen, I never bloody said that you look bad with your glasses on, so don't go twisting my words around or claiming I \_attacked \_you, you \_dolt!" \_

Upon hearing this, the American nation's face transformed into a sly smirk.

"So, does that mean you think my glasses make me look \_good?"\_

Emerald eyes flashed as the Briton held back a seething growl.

"Oh, piss off, you blasted, insufferable little piece ofâ€"

"Mein Gott, would the both of you just \_shut up?"\_ Germany snapped, rubbing his temples and glaring at the two nations as he decided he'd finally had enough bickering for one day. "We \_are\_ in the middle of a meeting, after all, and I for one would very much like to make some actual \_progress\_ today."

The two promptly sat back down.

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><p><strong>Number 2: Take their glasses and refuse to give them back.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Jolting awake from his usual mid-meeting nap (What can he say? It totally wasn't his fault that Germany's speech about how to lower worldwide unemployment rates was so gosh-darn <em>boring<em>), America rubbed his eyes and yawned. He reached over to where he had placed Texas on the meeting table, only to pause as his fingers failed to make contact with smooth metal.

He opened his eyes and blinked.

He could have sworn he'd placed his glasses \_right\_ in front of him.

So, then, \_why the hell weren't his glasses right in front of him?\_

Taking a few calming breaths while he tried his best not to go into instant panic-mode, America squinted his eyes and quickly glanced around the meeting table, trying to spot his missing state.

When that proved unsuccessful, he found himself turning to the nation beside him.

"Yo, Iggy," he whispered, catching the other's attention. "Have you seen Texas anywhere?"

England raised an eyebrow, not hesitating to let a smug smile creep its way onto his face.

"Gone and lost your own state, have you? Bloody idiot. Serves you right for falling asleep."

America glared at him.

"This isn't funny," he snapped. "Did you take them? I'll bet you took them!"

"Of course not, prat," England retorted, rolling his eyes. "I have better things to do with my time than steal your glasses. And, besides, I am much too gentlemanly to partake in such childish folly."

America shifted his eyes and glanced over at England's meeting notes, taking notice of the many doodles that seemed to resemble unicorns, fairies, and the like.

Gentlemanly his \_ass.\_

But, whatever. He had more pressing concerns right now.

Scooting his chair out slowly, America slipped under the table and started to crawl around, his right arm outstretched in front of him in an effort to try to feel for the glasses on the floor. When he'd made his way all around the meeting table with no success, he climbed out from under the table and made his way to the front of the room.

"\_Guys."\_ America raised both arms in the air, swiftly interrupting Germany's speech and catching everyone's attention. "This is a national emergency. \_Has anyone seen Texas."\_

The room was silent for a moment.

"My \_glasses?"\_ America tried again.

Still no responses.

"Come on, dudes, you've gotta help me out here," America said, desperation seeping into his voice. "This can basically be considered a federal crime, so speak up! Did anyone take my glasses?"

"Like, why were they \_off\_ your face in the first place?" Poland spoke up.

"That's not important," America waved the comment off. "But, please!

Someone? \_Anyone?"\_

When the other nations in the room shook their heads, America took a gulp.

"\_Shit," \_the nation said, running a hand through his hair. "Okay, I'm-I'm gonna call the FBI, and, and the CIA, andâ€"

And then his gaze suddenly fell upon a certain Russian nation, who had clearly ignored the American's words and was currently sitting and playing with a certain unmistakable piece of silvery metal.

"\_You."\_

America found himself storming over to where the Russian sat, pointing a finger in his face.

Russia looked up, glasses still in hand, and smiled.

"Hello, America."

The other nation glared at him.

"What the hell are you doing with Texas?" he demanded.

Russia glanced down at the glasses in his hands and back up at the American.

"This is yours? My mistake. I like the shiny things."

"Of course it's mine," America snapped. "Now give them back, bro."

Upon hearing that, the Russian nation frowned.

"But don't you have saying in your country? Finders are keepers, da?"

Not quite believing what he was hearing, America let out a laugh.

"Dude," he said, voice with a threatening edge. "Are you trying to steal Texas? Don't steal Texas. Mexico tried that once, and, let me just say, that did \_not\_ end well."

"Oh, this represents your state?" Russia glanced back down at the glasses in question, and looked at America with a smile. "...Become one?"

Before Russia could react, America snatched his beloved glasses out of his hands and placed them on his face in one swift motion.

"\_No."\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Number 3: "I don't like them."<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Lunch break.<p>

\_Finally.\_ His favorite part of every meeting (and, quite honestly, the \_only\_ part of every meeting that actually motivated him enough to keep coming to the things) was here.

Unfortunately, however, as America rushed out of the room with sweet plans to make a quick pit-stop at the nearest McDonalds in mind â€" oh, he could just taste it now â€" he happened to intertwine his foot with another nation's, sending both crashing into the ground.

Rubbing his head, America sat up.

"Oh, sorry about that, dudeâ€"

And then his words stopped dead as blue eyes met dark brown, and both nations' faces immediately twisted into matching scowls.

"You know what, no, I'm \_not\_ sorry about that," America said bitterly. "I mean, \_you\_ were the one who tripped me, so I think \_you\_ should be doing the apologizing."

Cuba laughed in response.

"Me, apologize to \_you?"\_ he said, scoffing at the American. "Why would I do that, when it was clearly \_your\_ clumsy self which got in \_my\_ way?"

America grit his teeth.

"Asshole," he muttered under his breath, pushing himself off the ground until he was standing upright once more.

"I could say the same for you," Cuba retorted as he stood up as well. "And, what's more, you may as well be a little \_colony,\_ what with all this childish behavior. You really do let your maturity shine through by taking little naps during the middle of a very important world conference â€" and don't try to claim otherwise, we all \_saw\_ you."

"For the last time, that wasn't my fault!" America huffed. "You know you were bored, too."

"Sure, but at least I know how to handle myself like a real adult," Cuba said.

America blinked, trying to contain his barely-withheld irritation.

"You know what, dude?" he said, promptly pushing past Cuba and stepping toward the door once more. "It's been \_great\_ talking to you, but I'm getting sick of seeing your stupid face, so I'm going to leave now."

And the nation would have succeeded in doing just that, if Cuba hadn't taken that moment to call out to him.

"For the record, I wish you hadn't found your silly old glasses back there; your arrogance is high enough as it is, and your unhealthily large ego would have benefited with one less state in your possession."

America stopped dead.

Whipping around, he met the Cuban nation's eyes with an exasperated look.

"You asshole, do you have any idea what it cost me to get these things? I had to go through a freaking war just to get Texas into my rightful hands, and I sure as hell think I deserve it after what I'd been through," he spat into the other's face. "And then I spent forever picking this design out because I thought it'd make me look damn sexy â€" which, don't get me wrong, it totally does â€" but then, of course, people like you just don't want to appreciate that! Dude, you have no idea how much that pisses me off!"

"You spent a long time picking them out, huh?" Cuba scoffed and gave the nation a once-over. "Well, clearly you didn't do a very good job, since they make you look even more stupid than you already are; and I'd thought that was impossible, so, actually, nicely done there."

At that point, America looked ready to launch himself at the other nation, but he was able to stop himself in time as he caught sight of his brother strolling into the room.

The Canadian took one look at the two bickering nations and sighed.

"Maple," he shook his head. "Not again. Do I even want to know?"

"Oh, hello, Canada!" Cuba called out to the newcomer, his mood significantly brightened and all thoughts of America temporarily forgotten. "How have you been doing? Say, you look different; is that a new pair of glasses? They look great!"

America's jaw dropped.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Number 4: "How many fingers am I holding up?"<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>"And so, in response to the growing usage of nonrenewable resources, I hereby propose that we solve this problem by using English food as a new source of energy!" America announced to his audience with a bright grin. "I mean, think about it; everything that comes out of that country is basically rock-solid petrified crap, so it'd be a great alternative for stuff like coal, am I right?"<p>

"For once, I agree with America," France eagerly nodded.

"I beg your pardon!" England slammed his hands on the meeting table, forcefully standing up with a dark scowl on his face. "That

will \_not\_ be necessary, America, seeing as my food is \_perfectly\_ fine and very much \_not\_ 'rock-solid petrified crap', as you so eloquently put it. If anything, we should use \_your\_ food as an alternative for oil, seeing how everything that comes out of \_your\_ country is dripping with disgusting \_grease!\_"\_

"And you," the fuming Brit turned to a smirking France next. "Shut up, Frog."

America laughed.

"Oh, Iggy," he said. "Sounds like someone's jealous of my heroically awesome plaâ€"â€"|"

Suddenly, America's voice died out as the nation started to waver at his feet, touching one hand to his forehead and another to his stomach.

"Is it just me, or is the room spinning?" he asked feebly. "Iâ€" I think I'm going to sit down for a sec."

America grabbed a nearby chair and immediately sat down, taking his glasses off and putting his face in his hands as he let out a moan.

"Here, drink this," Germany offered the nation a glass of water. "What happened? Are you feeling alright?"

"I feel kinda dizzy," America looked up and blinked, gratefully accepting the water and taking a sip. "Must've been a bad burger or something."

"Oh, no," Italy said, running up to the American and giving him a hug. "Don't die, America! Promise me you won't die!"

"He's not going to die, \_mon cher,"\_ France made his way to the front of the room, gently pulling Italy off of America and turning to the latter. "Does your head hurt, \_Am\_Ã©\_rique?\_ Is your vision okay?"

"My head sort of hurts, yeah," America responded. "And, I mean, everything's all blurry, but I can still see okay."

"Are you sure?" France questioned.

He knelt down then, holding his hand up and making a "peace" sign with two fingers.

"How many fingers am I holding up?" he asked.

"Yeah," Cuba took the opportunity to jump in, kneeling down next to France and holding his hand up as well. "Can you see me? How many fingers am I holding up?"

America looked at the Cuban, a bored expression on his face.

"You know, dude, just because my vision isn't perfect doesn't mean that I can't see you flipping me off when you're, like, a \_foot\_ in front of me."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Number 5: Poke.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>"Meeting dismissed," Germany said, causing a chorus of relieved sighs to sound throughout the room.<p>

Feeling better now that his stomach had settled, America rose from his chair and stretched, glad that the long day was finally over. When he looked toward the clock to check the time, he blinked with the realization that his vision didn't seem quite right.

Taking off his glasses, he held them up into the light, revealing the many smudges and fingerprints clouding the lenses.

It was then that a small figure bumped into him from behind, and the sudden movement of the collision caused the nation to lose his grip on the glasses.

"Oh, I'm sorry," a familiar voice said, and the American turned around to see Italy picking his glasses up off the floor. "Here! You dropped these!"

"Thanks, bro," America shot the young nation a grin.

"It's no problem at all," Italy remarked, holding out the glasses.

Suddenly, Italy paused, looking at the glasses in his hand.

"What?" America questioned.

"These are really dirty," Italy said. "But I can use some of my white flag material to fix it right up for you!"

"Oh, thanks, dude, but you don't have to do thatâ€"

"But I want to," Italy said. "Germany said that it's good to be nice to others, so that's what I'm trying to do!"

America shrugged in concession.

"All right," he said. "Go for it, man."

True to his word, Italy pulled a white flag from seemingly out of nowhere â€" seriously, where did he keep getting the things from â€" and started gently rubbing the lenses of the glasses. After a second, his expression changed as he scrunched up his face, starting to poke at the lenses.

"What-What are you doing?" America said, growing slightly concerned about the well-being of his beloved Texas.

"There's something here that won't come off," Italy said, continuing to poke at America's glasses more violently as the other nation watched with an unreadable expression. "I've almost got itâ€| I just have toâ€"



\_Pop.\_

Both nations froze, staring at the glasses that now only had one lens in place.

And then Italy let out a loud wail, causing the other nations in the room to jump as they looked over at the two with interest.

"I'm so sorry!" the Italian cried, immediately dropping to his knees and waving his white flag furiously. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, oh please America don't hurt me \_please\_ I don't want you to hurt me \_I'm\_ \_sorry!\_"

To Italy's surprise, America merely chuckled in response.

"Ah, it's no big deal, bro," he said, picking up his glasses and shoving them in his pocket quite carelessly. "I mean, it's not like I actually \_need\_ these things to see, right?"

Everyone in the room dropped what they were doing, staring intently at the nation.

America blinked.

"What?"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>End note:<strong>

And that's it!

Like it? Hate it? Let me know in the box below!

Thanks for reading, everyone, and stay awesome. ;)

End  
file.